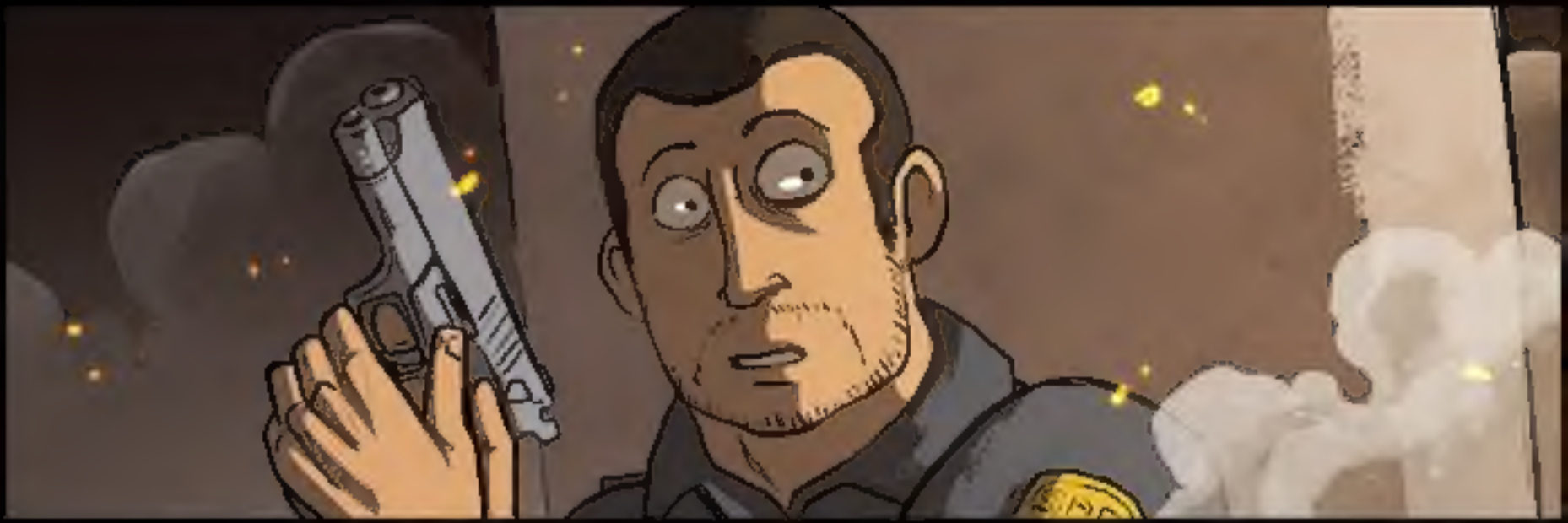
THE SWORD INTERVAL

BY BEN FLEUTER

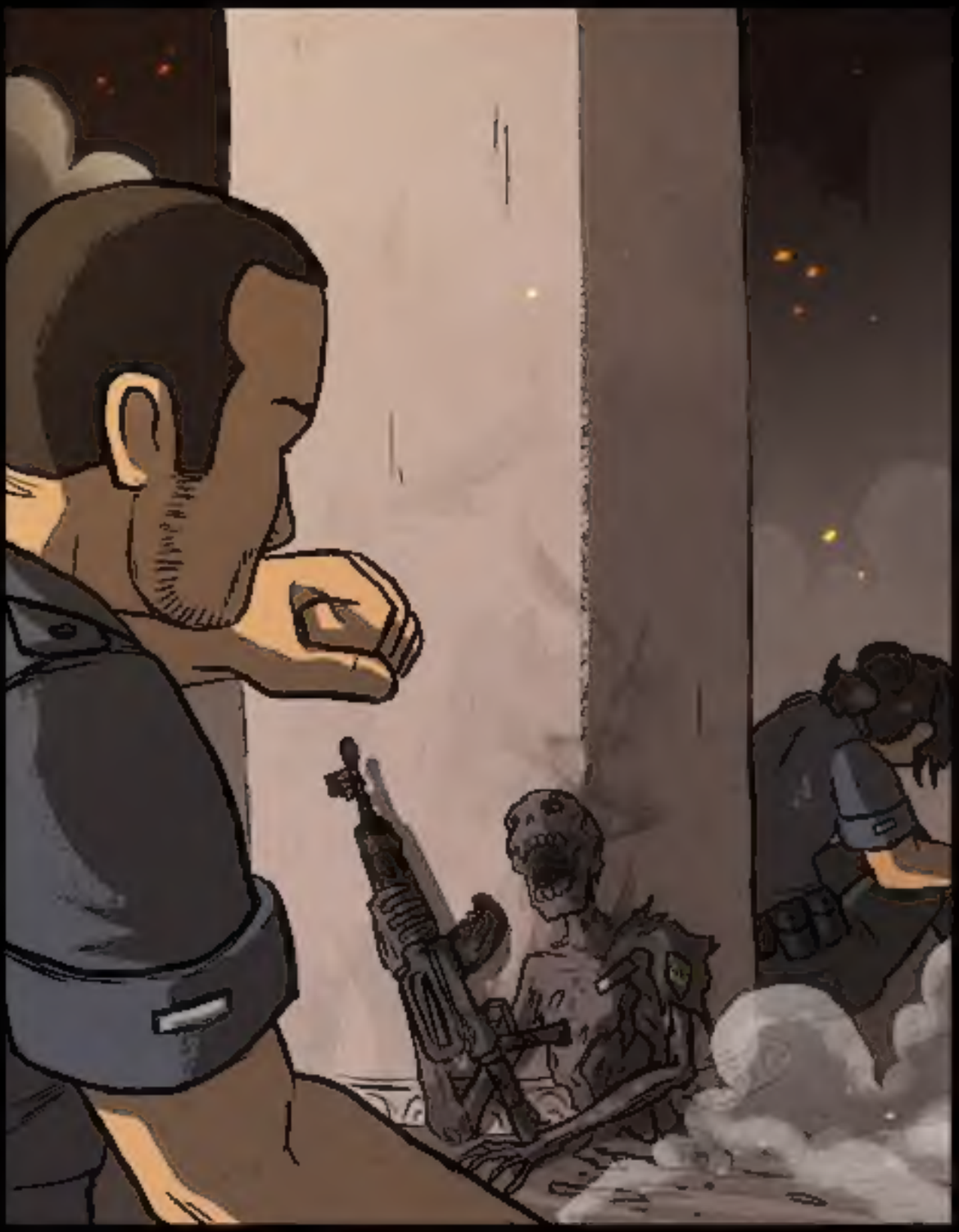
Cough
Cough

:Cough:
Captain Mulroney what was-

COLRONES



Marina..?
:cough:
MARINA?!



Zach...
My leg...

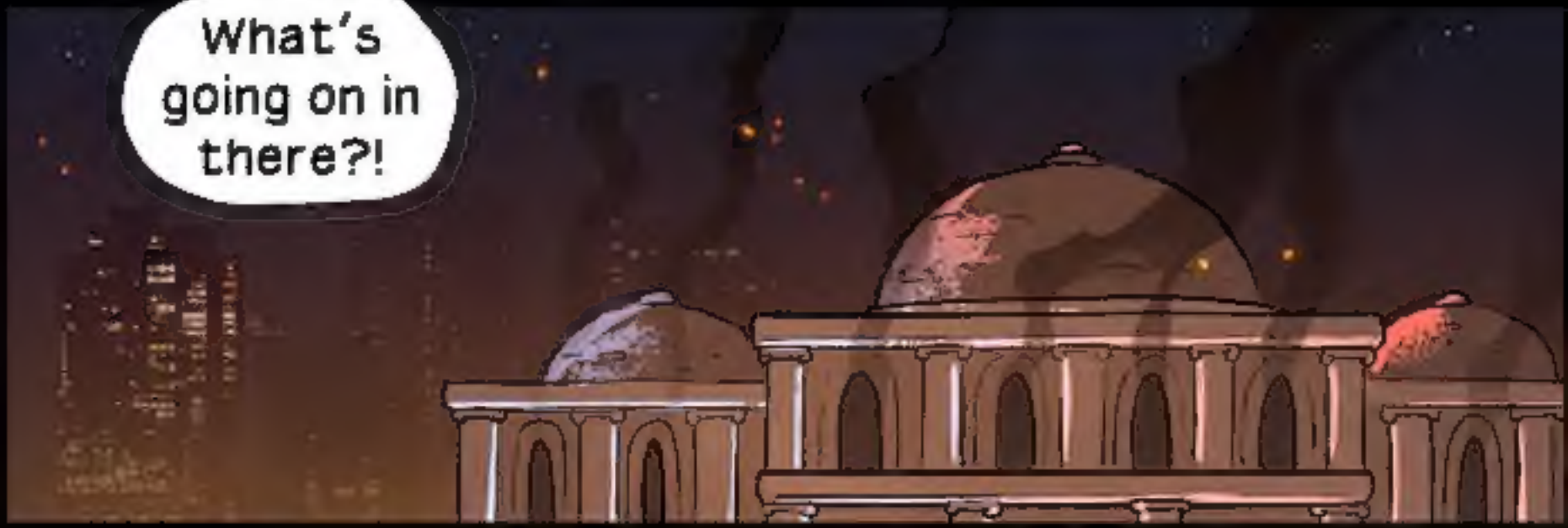
Is it
bad?

Oh god...
I... Uh...

You keep the Earth on life support.

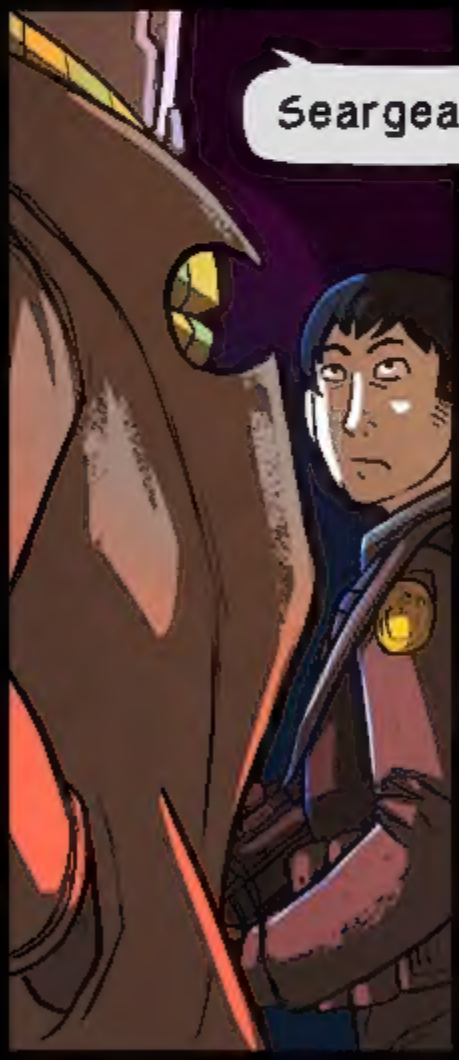
You claim that you have any measure of control over your fate...

That you are *anything* but a doomed race.


What's going on in there?!

Does anyone read me?!

That's it! We're heading in!


Seargeant.

At this juncture I would advise against sending any more of your forces.